

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVI., NO. 4650

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1899.

PRICE 2 CENTS

Carvers Nut Crackers

SKATES

L. P. WENDELL & CO.'S.

Related Ware Cutlery

FUR ROBES

OF THE BEST QUALITY ONLY

JOHN S. TILTON'S
Congress Street.

Something New At Moorecroft's.

WINTER OPENING OF

FUR AND VELVET HATS

All are invited. Do not fail to examine.

2 Market Square, Portsmouth

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO

LAWRENE

Portsmouth's Swell Tailor

HERALD ADS GIVE BEST RESULTS

Try One And Be Convinced.

Drink Only
The Purest.

FINE OLD
Ky. Taylor
WHISKEY.

If you want purity and richness of flavor, try our OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR, 8 years old and our own distillation and guaranteed pure. Bottled and shipped direct from our warehouses by the one genuine without our signature on the labels. For consumption, Indigestion, and all ailments requiring stimulants, OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR has no peer. Sold by all first-class druggists, grocers, and liquor dealers.

WANTED—People to notice that I place my Wines, Brandy and Champagne at short notice. Piping and driving wells a specialty. Address George W. Brackett, Greenland, N. H., Dec 19, 1901.

BUY ONLY THE BEST
OLD CO. LARGH
-COAL-

FOR YOUR FURNACE OR
STEAM HEATER.

The only full supply at
187 MARKET ST.
J. A. & A. W. WALKER

Gray & Prime

DELIVER
COAL
IN BAGS!

NO DUST NO NOISE
11 Market St. Telephone 2-

CHRISTMAS MUSIC.

What Will Be Given At The
City Churches.

PROGRAMMES OF UNUSUAL INTEREST
ARRANGED FOR SUNDAY.

Large Congregations Expected at Morning and Evening Services.

Special Christmas music will engross the attention of the church goers to-morrow. All the choristers have arranged programmes of unusual interest, and the sanctuaries will undoubtedly hold large congregations, at both morning and evening services. The Herald presents below a collection of the offerings at the various houses of worship:

Middle Street Baptist Church.
MORNING SERVICE.
Voluntary, Professional Grand March.
Whitney
Anthem, "Before the Heavens were Spread Abroad,"
Horatio W. Parker
Anthem, "There were Shepherds,"
Vincent
Response, "Holy Night," J. Barnby
Offertory, "The Babe of Light and Glory," Dressler
Mr. Montgomery.
Violin obligato, Mr. Whittier.
Anthem, "The Grace of God," J. Barnby
Festival Postlude, Batiste

Voluntary, Professional Grand March.
Whitney
Anthem, "Behold I Bring You Good Tidings," J. Barnby
Anthem, "The Birthday of a King," Seidlinger
Response, "While all Things were in Quiet Silence," McFarren
Offertory, "Tenor Solo," Selected
Mr. Harroun.
Postlude, Brossig

Choir, Mrs. H. P. Montgomery. Soprano: Miss Sally Perkins, contralto; Mr. Herbert Harroun, tenor; Mr. H. P. Montgomery, baritone. Organist, Miss M. E. Miller. Director, Mr. Harroun.

St. John's Church.
MORNING SERVICE.

Music for Christmas and following Sunday:
Benedictus, Qui Venit, Hiller
Vivite, Old Chant, Gregorian
Glorias, Rev. E. Maderi
Te Deum, B. Tours
Benedictus, B. Tours
Hymn, "Shout the Glad Tidings," D. Buck
Kyrie Eleison, D. Buck
Gloria Tibi, B. Tours
Introit Hymn, "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night."
Offertory Anthem, "Break Forth into Joy," C. Harris
Sanctus, E. Hiller
Eucharistic Hymn, 228
Gloria in Excelsis, B. Tours
Nunc Dimittis, J. C. Warren
Chorus Choir, G. E. Philbrick, Director; Miss Hill, organist.

North Church.
MORNING SERVICE.

Organ Prelude, Grand Chorus.
Anthem, "While all Things were in Quiet Silence," Macfarren
Anthem, "Welcome Happy Morning," Chadwick
Alto Solo, "O Thou That Tellest Good-Tidings from the 'Messiah'"
Offertory, "Pastoral Symphony" from the 'Messiah,' Handel
Soprano Solo, "Rejoice Greatly," from the 'Messiah,' Handel
Anthem, "There were Shepherds," Morrison
Organ Postlude, "Hallelujah Chorus," from the 'Messiah,' Handel

Evening Service.

The Holy Child, A Christmas Cantata, in eight numbers, by Horatio W. Parker, will be sung by a chorus choir.
Organ Prelude, "The Shepherds in the Field," Malline
Alto Solo, "Luther's Carol," Anderson
Organ Postlude, "Marchepontificat," Tombelle
Members of the choir: Soprano, Miss Harriet Whittier; Alto, Mrs. Alice Holmes Owen; Tenor, Ralph S. Parker; Bass, E. Scott Owen; Organist and Leader, Lyman Almy Perkins.

Christ Church.
Christmas Eve, Festival Evensong, 7:30

o'clock. Christmas Morning, Holy Communion, 6:30, 7:30, 10:30 o'clock.

Music, The Bells, 6:30 Christmas Eve.
9:30 Christmas Morning

"While the Shepherds Watched," Old Winchester, 1592
"O Come, all ye Faithful,"
Adeste Fideles, 1680

"O Happy Night," Carol
Festival Evensong, Christmas Eve.

Chorus and Fugue, Mozart
Procession, "O Come, all ye Faithful," J. Reading
Prayer

Versicles and Responses, Tallis
Proper Psalms, 59, 110, 132.

Magnificat, Barnby
Nunc Dimittis, Van De Water
"One Quiet Night," Mrs. N. A. Walcott.

"Noel," Adam
Mr. H. C. Hopkins.

"Arise, Shine, for Thy Light Has Come!" Dudley Buck
Sevenfold Amen, Dudley Buck
Te Deum, Shucy
Recessional, "Brightest and Best," Harding

Postlude, Improvisation on Old Christmas Melody.

MORNING.
Holy Communion, 10:30 a. m.
Processional, "O Come, all ye Faithful," J. Reading
Selected

Introit, Psalm No. 89, Agutter
Kyrie, Kyrie Eleison, Agutter
Gloria, Gloria in Excelsis, Agutter
Credo, Credo, Agutter

Anthem, "Arise, Shine, for Thy Light Has Come," Dudley Buck
Offertorium, Dudley Buck
Sanctus, Plain Song
Benedictus, Agutter

Patet Noster, Agutter
Agnus Dei, Agutter
Dono Nobis Pacem, Agutter
Prelude, Agutter

Hymn, "In the Country Nigh to Bethlehem," Howard
Vesper Service, 4:30.

Processional, Everett Truett
Dixit Dominus, Rosewig
Confitebor, Werner
Beatus Vir Qui, Rosewig
Laudate Pueri, Rosewig
Laudate Dominum, Novello
Adeste, Novello
Prelude, Webbe
Bastiste
Werner
Rosewig
Faure
Hymn, "In the Country Nigh to Bethlehem," Howard

Choir—Sopranos, Mary Engen, Katherine McCarthy, Genevieve Hickey, Abbie Buckley; Altos, Mildred Baratto, Margaret Smith, Mrs. Pethic, Miss McDonald; Tenors, P. E. Kane, J. F. Kane, M. A. Moyahon; Basses, B. Smith, D. O'Leary, John McGrath. Miss Mary McCarthy, organist.

Court Street Church.
MORNING.

Prelude, Doxology
"Hark, what mean those holy voices," Brackett
Anthem, "Glory to God in the Highest," Veazie

Response, Hymn, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," Mendelssohn
Offertory, Antioch
Hymn, Postlude, Organ

Evening.
Hakes
Shepherd
Advent Christian Church.

The Sunday school of the Advent Christian church will give a concert and Christmas tree at U. V. U. hall next Wednesday evening at 7:30 P. M. All are cordially invited to be present and an excellent evening's entertainment is promised.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

All the inner fittings of the torpedo boat Dahlgren have been removed.

Quite a number of friends of officers are arriving at the yard to spend Christmas.

The two Spanish gunboats are awaiting orders and they will no doubt be stored.

To a landman it looks as though the government was throwing money away on torpedo boats.

There is a feeling that Colonel James Forney, U. S. M. C., will be ordered here as commandant of the marine barracks.

Work has already been commenced on the removal of the stone ledge on the dry dock site. Two steam drills are now at work.

TO CURE LA GRIFFE IN TWO DAYS
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

soprano; Miss Minnie Dondoro, alto; Harold E. Noyes, tenor; Charles W. Gray, bass and director. Miss Lizzie A. Davis, organist.

All are cordially invited to this service, 10:30 a. m. Preaching by Rev. A. G. Pettengill of Stoughton, Mass.

Methodist Church.
MORNING SERVICE.

Organ Prelude, transcription Shelley
Hymn, Congregation
Apostles' Creed
Prayer

Anthem, "Sing, O Heavens," Protheroe
Psalm
Gloria
Offertory, "The Hallowed Day Hath Shined," Stainer

Hymn
Sermon
Prayer
Anthem, "Magnificat," Brackett
Benediction

J. True Davis, director; Mrs. L. E. Fogg, organist; Chorus Choir.

Church of Immaculate Conception.
MORNING SERVICE, 10:30.

Organ
Festal March, Scotson Clark
Aspergus Me Carpenter
Hallelwood's, Mass in A Major

Kyrie Eleison, Kaliwoda
Gloria in Excelsis, Kaliwoda
Prelude, Kaliwoda
Credo in Anam Deum, Kaliwoda
Adeste, Kaliwoda
Sanctus, Kaliwoda
Benedictus, Kaliwoda

Patet Noster, Kaliwoda
Agnus Dei, Kaliwoda
Dono Nobis Pacem, Kaliwoda
Prelude, Gounod

Hymn, "In the Country Nigh to Bethlehem," Howard

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Confitebor, Werner
Beatus Vir Qui, Rosewig
Laudate Pueri, Rosewig
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Faure
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NEWSY CLEANINGS FROM

OUR SUBURBAN TOWNS.

GREENLAND.

GREENLAND, Dec. 23.
A social assembly and dance will be held in the town hall on Wednesday, Dec. 2.

An article will be placed in the town warrant at the coming March election to see if the town will vote to accept the Hook and Ladder truck and build a house for same.

The visitors in Portsmouth yesterday were Charles H. and George W. Brackett.

Edward Bickford of Gloucester, Mass. is visiting relatives in this town.

Herbert A. Tuttle and father, Daniel Tuttle were visitors in York yesterday.

The roads in this town are something fierce, it being almost impossible for a loaded team to pass along.

Thomas McCue of Portsmouth was in town this morning.

E. S. Daniel is in Boston today on business.

YORK.
YORK, Me., Dec. 22.

Owing to the sudden death of Deacon Bartlett, the Christmas celebration at the Congregational church will be deferred, and will probably occur a week from next Saturday.

Freeman Sewall of Dartmouth Medical school arrived home Wednesday to spend the holidays with his parents.

Mrs. G. A. Marshall and daughter Adeline attended the meeting and banquet of the Piscataqua Congregational club in Exeter Thursday.

The Deatur house on Long Beach is being made over into cottages by the owner, E. E. Blood of the Sea View.

A Christmas tree with appropriate exercises will be in order at the Christian church Monday evening.

Mrs. A. C. McCullum of York Beach held a reception and exhibit of painting at her studio at that place Tuesday and Wednesday which was well attended.

It is now planned if the necessary arrangements can be made, to furnish sport for Christmas day by a football game between the York village and Kittery teams. Several changes will necessarily be made in the personnel of the home team, but the boys are still on their mettle and are anxious for an opportunity to display their zeal. Although the football season is over and the frozen ground renders the game far more dangerous, still the York boys cling to it with their usual tenacity and will not be downed.

Will Simpson of Cape Neddick will spend the holidays in Cambridge.

The Congregational vestry at the village is to be thoroughly renovated this week. The ceiling will be whitened, the walls tinted, the woodwork generally cleansed and freshened, and the entire interior transformed.

DOVER POINT.
DOVER POINT, Dec. 22.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hatchell of Cambridgeport, Mass., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Loughlin.

The schooner Hattie Lewis, Captain Clark, with 40,000 bricks from Morang & Henderson's yard, went down river yesterday for Boston.

The barge Elliot, Capt. Hatchell's, is loading a cargo of bricks at Isaac L. Lucas' yard.

The schooner Sadie A. Kimball, Capt. Burns, which has been conveying bricks between this place and Boston during the past season, has finished work and

been hauled up for the winter at Call's lumber wharf, Portsmouth. This schooner is high line of the brick fleet, having made 32 round trips between here and Boston the past season.

The old schooner Samuel Knight, which for more than fifteen years has been a landmark at the Newington end of the Dover Point bridge, has recently been purchased by Portsmouth parties who are engaged in breaking her up in order to get the iron, copper, etc., out of her.

Miss Margaret Maguire has accepted a position as clerk with the Moses Fry company, Dover, during the holidays.

E. S. Shortridge of the C. E. Brewster company, Dover, was here yesterday on business.

Peter Loughlin has just returned from a business trip to Boston.

Charles H. Morang was in Portsmouth on business yesterday.

Capt. Frank P. Coleman was a visitor to Portsmouth yesterday.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED.

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed for ever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

MOVEMENTS OF NAVAL VESSELS.

The torpedo boat Porter sailed from New York, the training ship Dixie arrived at Brooklyn, the gunboat Machias arrived at San Juan, P. R., and the training ship Monongahela arrived at Newport, all Friday.

The Naval Academy's new practice ship Chesapeake will go out of commission today at Boston, where she will remain until next summer, when the naval cadets will make a practice cruise on her.

TO COMMAND SOUTHERN PACIFIC.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—The navy department will tender Rear Admiral George C. Remey, U. S. N., commandant of the Portsmouth navy yard, the command of the South Pacific squadron which will be formed at an early date. It was the intention of the department to order Remey to relieve Watson sometime next spring but the Southern Pacific is said to be more preferable.

NAVAL ORDERS.

Surgeon H. T. Percy, to navy yard, Norfolk.

Commander H. N. Stevenson, additional duty as inspector of machinery of Tacoma, building at San Francisco.

Surgeon H. E. Ames, from navy yard, Norfolk, to home and be ready for sea service.

Lieutenant-Commander W. E. Caperton, ordered to Norfolk yard revoked and to duty at Washington yard.

The special sale at the Globe Grocery Co. today only will be 300 lbs. Fore quarters Spring Lamb at 6 cents.

THE WORLD'S BEST.

THE Ford Shoe

LADIES' LACE AND BUTTON

QUEEN QUALITY OFTEN IMITATED, NEVER EQUALLED.

\$3.00.

FRANKLIN SHOE—Every pair guaranteed to give satisfaction. Franklin Shoes fit the feet, fit the eye and fit your pants.

Men's Sizes.....\$2.00 | Boys' Sizes.....\$1.50 | Youth's Sizes.....\$2.00

3 MARKET STREET.

BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

EASTERN DIVISION

Winter Arrangement, Oct. 2, 1899.

Leave Portsmouth
 Boston, 5.50, 7.30, 8.15, 10.53, a. m., 3.21, 5.00, 7.38 p. m. Sundays, 8.50, 8.00 a. m., 3.21, 5.00 p. m.
 Portland, 9.55, 10.45 a. m., 2.45, 3.50, 5.30 p. m. Sundays, 10.45 a. m., 3.55, 5.30 p. m.
 Old Orchard and Portland, 8.55 a. m., 2.45, 5.22 p. m. Sundays, 8.00, a. m.
 North Conway, 9.55, a. m., 2.45, 5.30 p. m.
 For Somersworth, 4.50, 9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.40, 2.45, 5.30 p. m.
 For Rochester, 9.55 a. m., 2.40, 2.45, 5.30 p. m.
 Dover, 4.50, 9.45 a. m., 12.20, 2.40, 5.22, 8.52 p. m. Sundays, 8.20, 2.40, 5.30 p. m.
 North Hampton and Hampton, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sundays, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.
 For Portsmouth, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.
 Leave Boston, 7.30, 9.00, 10.10 a. m., 12.30, 3.30, 4.45, 7.00, 7.45 p. m. Sundays, 4.30, 8.20, 9.00 a. m., 6.40, 7.00 p. m.
 Leave Portland, 2.00, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 6.00 p. m. Sundays, 2.00 a. m., 12.45 p. m.
 Leave North Conway, 7.25, a. m., 4.15 p. m.
 Leave Rochester, 7.19, 9.47 a. m., 3.50, 6.25 p. m. Sundays, 7.00 a. m., 3.50, 6.25 p. m.
 Leave Somersworth, 6.35, 7.32, 10.01 a. m., 4.05, 6.35 p. m.
 Leave Dover, 6.50, 10.24 a. m., 1.40, 4.30, 6.35, 9.20 p. m. Sundays, 7.3 a. m., 9.25 p. m.
 Leave Hampton, 9.22, 11.53 a. m., 2.13, 4.59, 6.16 p. m. Sundays, 6.26, 10.06 a. m., 8.09 p. m.
 Leave North Hampton, 9.28, 11.55 a. m., 2.19, 5.05, 6.21 p. m. Sundays, 6.30, 10.12 a. m., 8.15 p. m.
 Leave Greenland, 9.35 a. m., 12.05, 2.25, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sundays, 4.35, 10.18 a. m., 8.20 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH.

Leave Portsmouth
 Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations—
 Portsmouth, 8.30 a. m., 12.45, 5.25 p. m.
 Seaboard Village, 8.39 a. m., 12.54, 5.33 p. m.
 Seaboard Junction, 9.07 a. m., 1.07, 5.55 p. m.
 Seaboard, 9.22 a. m., 1.21, 6.08 p. m.
 Raymond, 9.32 a. m., 1.32, 6.18 p. m.
 Seaboard Junction, 9.47 a. m., 12.17, 5.53 p. m.
 Seaboard Village, 10.01 a. m., 12.29, 6.06 p. m.
 Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Seaboard Junction for Plymouth, Seaboard, Concord, St. Johnsbury, Newburyport, and the West.
 Information given, through ticket agent and baggage checked to all points at the station.
 D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

Portsmouth, Kittery and York Street Railway

WINTER TIME TABLE.

In Effect November 26, 1899.

Until further notice cars will run as follows:

Ferry leaves P. K. & Y. loading, Portsmouth for Kittery, Kittery Point and Seaboard—6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.20, 9.00, 9.20, 10.00, 10.20, 10.50, 11.20, 11.50 a. m.; 12.20, 12.50, 1.20, 1.50, 2.20, 2.50, 3.20, 3.50, 4.20, 4.50, 5.20, 5.50, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.20, 10.00, 10.50 p. m.
 For York Corner, York Village, York Harbor and York Beach—6.50, 8.20, 9.00, 11.50 a. m.; 12.50, 2.20, 3.50, 5.20, 7.00, 8.20, 9.50 p. m.
 Car leaves York Beach for Portsmouth 5.45, 6.45, 8.15, 9.45, 11.15 a. m.; 2.45, 3.45, 5.15, 6.45, 8.15, 9.45, 11.15 p. m.
 Ferry plies between Portsmouth and Seaboard Island, making close connection with the electric cars.
 Sunday time same as on week days except that the first boat leaves Portsmouth, Portsmouth, at 7.30 a. m., and York Beach at 7.30 a. m.
 For special and extra cars address W. G. Mearns, Sup.

GOVERNMENT FERRY

TIME TABLE.

Leave Portsmouth—4.00, 8.20, 9.45, 10.15 a. m., 1.45, 2.55, 3.50, 4.45, 5.15, 7.30, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.20 p. m. Sundays, 9.45, 10.15 a. m., 12.15, 1.20 p. m. Holidays, 10.20, 11.20 a. m.
 Leave Portsmouth—4.00, 8.20, 9.45, 10.15 a. m., 1.45, 2.55, 3.50, 4.45, 5.15, 7.30, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.20 p. m. Sundays, 9.45, 10.15 a. m., 12.15, 1.20 p. m. Holidays, 10.20, 11.20 a. m.
 From May until October.

PENNYROYAL PILLS
 Cures all kinds of female ailments, such as irregular menstruation, white discharge, pain in the back, head, and stomach, and all other complaints of the female system. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and is sold in every drug store. Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by W. G. Mearns, Sup.

THE DILLENBECKS

A Christmas Story by Beale Hart Adams.

"We never had a Christmas tree or hung up our stockings in this house in all our lives," said Dilly Dillenbeck setting the cracked blue tea cup she was wiping down so hard it gave up trying to hold together any longer and fell to pieces.

"There, Dilly," said her mother reproachfully, "you've broke that blue cup I always use to measure in when I bake."

"I don't care," said Dilly, giving her disheveled a spiteful wring. "We don't ever have anything like other folks, and I don't see why."

"We ain't able," said her mother in a tone of voice that said plainly "that settles it."

Dilly said no more. She hung up her hair swept the perfectly clean kitchen floor, then taking her little work-basket or said, "I'm going up in my room, mother, to do my mending."

"That's right," said her mother approvingly. "That's a great deal better than thinking of Christmas trees and



(There was a difference of opinion) stockings. A great girl 14 years old."

Dilly did not answer. She went up to her little room and sat down in its own corner window.

"It's just ma's stinginess," she said resentfully. "She thinks if we have plenty to eat and decent clothes to wear it's enough. We might have a Christmas just as well as not. I don't care if I am a big girl. I never had but one Christmas present and that was at Aunt Mary's. How different things are there, and she ain't near as well off as ma, either. Well, I s'pose I might as well go to work."

While Dilly is mending her stockings with a good deal of spiteful emphasis, and some long stitches, I will tell you something about the Dillenbeck family.

Mrs. Dillenbeck had been a very poor girl and when quite young she married a man as poor as herself.

After a few years of rigid economy, hard work, and shrewd management they saved money enough to make a payment on the farm, the present home of herself and children. In spite of poor crops and much sickness, they managed to steadily lessen their indebtedness until they only owed \$500. Then Mrs. Dillenbeck was taken sick and died, leaving Mrs. Dillenbeck with the debt and five little ones, the oldest only 10 years old.

Two years of the most pinching times that had ever been known, even in that home of economy, followed. Then a bountiful harvest, good prices, and—the \$500 was paid! Two more good years had followed and Mrs. Dillenbeck had a snug little bank account. But no increase of comforts had come to the home. Of actual necessities there was no want, but no luxuries. Holidays were the same as other days, and birthdays passed unnoticed.

But, although the resentment soon passed away the disappointment remained, and some very bitter tears fell on her work. Then gentler thoughts came to her: she was thinking of her mother's life of hard work, and self-denial. Was it any wonder she had no sympathy with youth, when the orphan girl, obliged to rely on herself from childhood, had had no youth?

"Oh," thought Dilly, "if I could only make mother a real happy Christmas! I don't believe she ever had one any more than we have."

What made her think of her five-dollar gold piece then?

"There!" said she triumphantly, aloud, "if she'll only let us have it she needn't spend a cent! I'll do it all myself and let the music lessons go!"

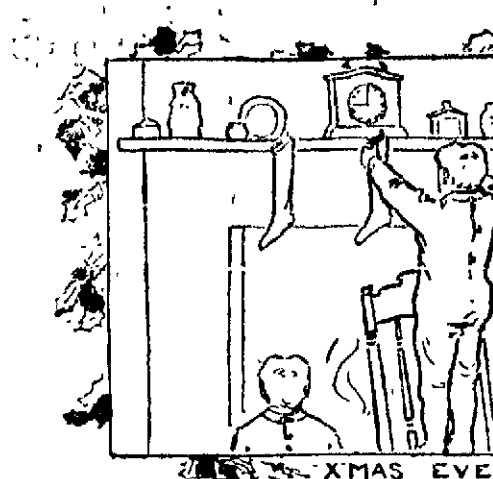
A sharp pang pierced her heart as she came to this decision for the \$5 represented many hours hard work in the hot sun, picking berries, with one great object in view.

"I'll get Walter to help me!" she thought, he can do anything with ma."

Walter was sixteen—a bright, lively boy, fond of amusement, but willing to work.

Dilly told her mother all their plans, and begged her to reconsider her refusal, and turn it into a consent. "It won't cost you anything, mother," said Dilly eagerly, "and you'll have just as much fun as any of us. Do say yes, mother."

Mrs. Dillenbeck's first feeling was one of anger at Dilly's persistence, and I am afraid her answer would not have been very pleasant, had it not been for Walter. He was a wise boy in his day and generation, and knew a good deal of human nature. He put his arm around his mother, gave her a good hug, and imprinted a loud, boyish "kiss" on her cheek. That is, he started to kiss her cheek, but she



Grandmother's Christmas.

Dear heart, apart in silence!

A baby is coming to me; One day in the far-off barren hills, And the next day here by the sea.

She will not know I am old, dear, Nor care that I'm worn and gray; She'll touch my brow with her fingers small, Smoothing the furrows away.

Her eyes are as blue as yours, dear, And clear as the skies in June, Her smile as sweet as another smile That faded, alas! too soon.

But she'll nestle close to my heart, dear, Just as you used to do, And I'll take the kiss from her sweet red mouth.

For I'll know that it comes from you.

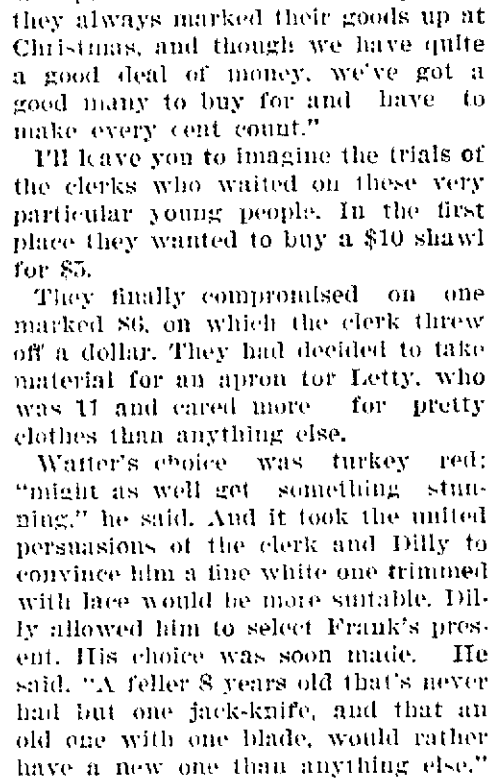
I'll guess at the message you sent me, Though she is too small to know, For out of the silence she came, dear heart.

The hush where the tired feet go.

One day in the far hill country, And the next day here by the sea; And Baby will laugh at the Christmas-tide, And her laughter will comfort me.

—Mary Riddell Corley.

A Frank Offering.



"What are you going to give your mother-in-law?"

"Something unusually nice."

"Why unusually nice?"

"Because she's too sick to come and spend the holidays with us."

Some Christmas Don'ts.

Don't buy your husband, brother or attendant cavalier cigars. He doesn't smoke the brand you are most apt to buy, and if he did he wouldn't think well of you.

Don't go to the bargain counter for a necktie. The average man has some notion of what a tie ought to be, and as he may have to exchange it you won't find it agreeable to have him discover how little you paid for it.

Don't send a silver-backed hairbrush to a man who is bald. He may infer unpleasant things.

Don't send a shaving cap to a man whose physician has ordered him to grow a beard. He can't very well use it, and it won't give him a too exalted opinion of your intelligence.

Don't send a manicure set to a man with one arm. A sensitive nature might be tempted to resent the implied suggestion.

Don't send a calendar to a woman who is sensitive about her age.

Don't send the newest thing in cook books to a woman who prides herself upon her newness.

Don't send a nice girl a box of gloves in a size large enough to fit her biggest brother.

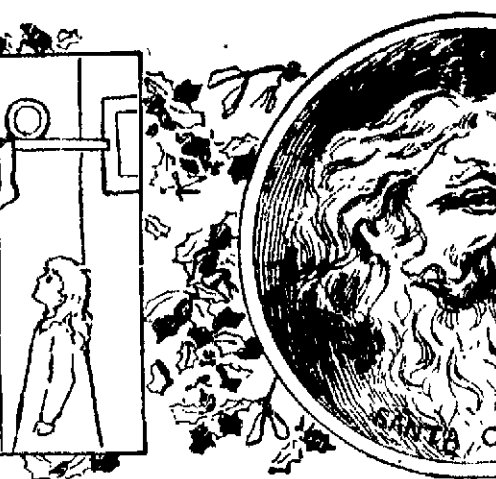
Don't send candy to a girl whose teeth are store-made.

MERRY XMAS

The First Christmas.

A good old bishop named Telesphorus, who lived in Rome in the year 137 A. D., holds the honorable record of being the first person to officially order the celebrating of Christmas Day. He gave instructions to his priests and his congregations that this day corresponding to our December 25, should be kept as a solemn feast, with the performance of divine services. While it occupies this unique place in history of the ancients, it appears that Christmas Day was first observed as far back as the year 98 A. D., but by whom and how are matters of conjecture. These details have been lost in the shuffle of the ages.—Exchange.

Mrs. Dasherly—What are you going to give your husband for Christmas? Mrs. Flasherly—Don't know yet. I haven't thought of anything I desire.



Christmas.

Christmas is a culmination. From all other seasons, festive or sad, it stands out in stately grandeur. Through all the centuries from the age of Nero and Tiberius, past rubus of empires, tombs of mighty kings, falling dynasties, crumbling idols, dead and dying hopes, and creeds and worshipers weird and wild, comes this Christmas-tide, fresh, pure, sparkling, breathing joy, peace, forgiveness, compassion.

It is the one season of the year when all Christendom rises above the "fretful circumstance" of life and determines to be merry: when subterfuge and malice are forgotten; when evil thoughts and dark deeds find no sympathy; when the hallowed mantle of "Peace on earth" is spread over all the land. A day of wondrous significance: a day tenderly venerable, hallowed and sacred. A festival of the gods.

Life without Christmas would be incomplete. It would seem as though the chain that chafes the world is mercifully relaxed. The reaction is tremendous. From chafed to bungalow come expressions of good cheer; hopes rise; faces hitherto worn with care are now transfigured with an irresponsible good humor; acts of kindness, till now suppressed, burst forth in generous unconfined. Everything gay, joyous, free. An eclipse of materialities in a firmament of peace.

And over it all, caressingly, as a mother fondles her babe, is spread a mantle of love and reverence. Through centuries, sometimes gloomy, sometimes gloomy, sometimes bright, a warm, rosy light is diffused throughout all Christendom. Beyond the centuries the same light, like unto a beacon on a storm tossed shore, flashes over a sea of tears. Beyond that, Calvary.—Elliot Osborne.

Christmas at Keno.

"Speakin' of Christmas trees," said Cyclone Murphy as he snuffed a candle on the topmost twig of the Keno Gude Sunday School tree with his trusty six-shooter and then nipped remonstrance in the bud by getting the diron on the Sunday School superintendent, "reminds me of a galsot named Hard-Luck Hankins, who lived up on Tenderfoot ridge and who was the biggest kleecker that ever lived. This year Hard-Luck Hankins lived in a cabin on top of the ridge and pretended ez how he was a miner, but he didn't never seem to mine anything and was generally regarded ez a fellow without visible means of support. Some folks said he was a road agent and others opined ez how loss stealin' might be the mine he was workin'."

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"This went on year after year, and the boys kept a-wonderin' and a-wonderin' how Hard-Luck got a livin. One Christmas eve they found out, and it put an end to Hard-Luck's quarrel with his big pine Christmas tree.

"For the very first Christmas since Hard-Luck had been living in Keno there was somethin' hangin' on his Christmas tree.

"What was it?" repeated Cyclone Murphy, as he snuffed another candle. "Why, it was old Hard-Luck Hankins himself, and he was—kleeckin'—ez—usual, and kleeckin' with both feet."

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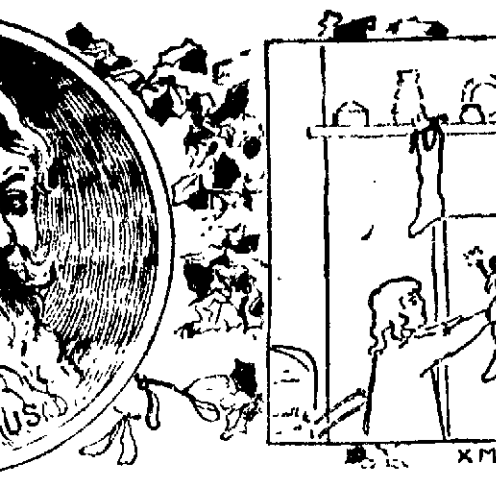
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FOR PORTSMOUTH
JANUARY
PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS.
You want local news! Read the Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it.

SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1899.

That hat trust ought to be crushed. Will somebody please sit down on it?

Grover has recovered from an attack of rheumatism and the country breathes easier.

Kip won't do a thing with his poetry quill when the British at last succeed in beating the Boers once.

The man who contracted to keep some sidewalk shoveled off this winter for a definite price is having a great crunch.

That was a hard blow to Editor Wright of the Haverhill Gazette when they found quicksand on the site of the Charles-town dry dock.

The magazine editors are all through with their Christmas editions and are now collecting material for the Fourth of July issue of next year. These are swift times.

The public sentiment that was brought to bear so successfully on congress for the exclusion of Roberts shows that the people still rule when they want to do so.

Those fellows who lost all their money in the Wall street flurry this week will undoubtedly learn with a great deal of pleasure that Jim Keene made a million at the same time.

So the Spaniards had it all planned to send a fleet to bombard Charleston. It's a mighty good thing for New York that they didn't. She would surely have been hit if they had aimed at Charleston.

Chicago continues her march of annexation to Kansas. She has now absorbed a suburb called Austin. It might naturally be accepted as Austin, Texas, from the way the Windy city is extending her limits.

All this talk about when the new century will begin is silly and tiresome. Other things might be more profitably paraded by the newspapers. It can make no particular difference with any of us whether it begins in 1900 or 1901.

The appointment of Editor Putney of the Manchester Mirror to a place on the American commission to the Paris exposition is one of the fattest plums that have ever fallen into the hat of a New Hampshire newspaperman. Let 'em come.

Aguinaldo isn't running away from the American troops, as has been popularly presumed. He is trying to find them to give himself up and get a square meal and a pair of shoes, but they move so rapidly that the Tagalog chief can't locate them.

The carols will sound and the tapers flare amidst the evergreen, but ah, there will be lacking the charm of gleaming snow and frosty winds to bring the real Christmas glow to the cheek. That is, unless the weather man gets a move on and does his duty.

The sudden illness of Congressman Boutelle with congestion of the brain, brought on by acute indigestion, calls attention to the fact that Americans persist in gulping down altogether too much hearty food three or four times a day, and not offsetting it by the exercise that is demanded.

A Massachusetts man went to call on a woman and insisted on climbing in through a window after she had told him that he wasn't welcome. He found himself up against a revolver, and will be buried tomorrow. The best way to make a call is to go to the front door like a gentleman and ring politely, then leave the premises when you find you're not wanted.

AWFUL DISASTER.

An Enormous Rock Slides Into The Sea.

Carries With It Two Hotels, and a Monastery.

Several Villas Are Also Swept Away And Four Vessels Crushed.

ROME, Dec. 22.—A terrible disaster took place this afternoon at Amalfi, the popular tourist resort of the Gulf of Salerno. About two o'clock an enormous rock, upon which stood the Cap ducci hotel, slid bodily into the sea with a deafening roar and without a moment's warning, carrying with it the hotel, the old Capuchin monastery below, the Hotel Santa Caterina and several villas. Many people were buried in the debris, which crushed four vessels to the bottom of the sea destroying their crews. The mass of earth which slipped was about 50,000 cubic yards. The population is in a state of terror, fearing fresh calamities. Troops have arrived upon the scene and begun rescue work. It is believed that the loss of life is heavy, including a number of monks, and the occupants of the hotel. As yet it is impossible to ascertain the exact number.

ARRESTED ON SUSPICION.

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 22.—William Bennett, a carpenter, thirty-eight years of age, living in Princeton, Mass., was arrested here tonight on suspicion of being connected with the murder of old Asa Bennett in Hubbardstown last evening. Bennett says he knew nothing of the crime until he read the account of it in this morning's Boston papers. Bennett had a bad reputation in Hubbardstown and it is claimed that he was seen driving away from that town shortly after the murder.

NOTHING DEFINITE FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

LONDON, Dec. 23, 4:45 A. M.—Delayed South African despatches throw no light upon the present situation at the seat of war. There is no confirmation of the report that Ladysmith could hold out several weeks longer, and it is feared that the report was circulated by the Boers for their own purposes.

BURIAL OF MAINE'S DEAD.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—The war department has announced that the exercises attendant on the burial of the Maine's dead will take place in Arlington cemetery on Dec. 28th at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—Forecast for New England: Fair Saturday and Sunday, light to fresh winds, mostly easterly.

Scrofula and Consumption

People tainted with scrofula very often develop consumption. Anemia, running of the ear, scaly eruptions, imperfect digestion, and enlargement and breaking down of the glands of the neck, are some of the more prominent of scrofula symptoms—are forerunners of consumption. These conditions can be arrested, consumption prevented and health restored by the early use of

Scott's Emulsion

Your doctor will tell you so.

At all druggists, 50c and \$1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

PILES

For Sale by George Hill, Druggist

EVANGELIST MOODY DEAD.

By Associated Press.

EAST NORTHFIELD, Mass., Dec. 22.—Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, died at noon today. The passing away of Mr. Moody was not unexpected by the members of his family and immediate circle of friends, although all had hope until yesterday that he might survive the attack of the disease for some months. The cause of death was a general breaking down of his health, due to overwork. His heart had been weak for a long time and his exertions in the west last month brought on a collapse from which it was impossible for him to rally. About the last words he was heard to utter were: "I have always been an ambitious man, not to lay up wealth but to find work to do." Just before twelve o'clock the watchers saw that the end was approaching, and at exactly noon the great preacher passed away. He was sixty-one years of age. A widow, two sons and a daughter survive. Mr. Moody was known to the people of two continents as a religious worker. Mr. Moody was born in Northfield on Feb. 8th, 1837. He was the sixth of a family of seven sons and two daughters. Mrs. Moody belonged to the sixth generation of direct descendants of the Holtons, who helped found Hartford, Conn.

SERVICES OVER GENERAL LAWTON.

MANILA, Dec. 22.—General Lawton's body was placed in the chapel in the Paco cemetery this morning. Private services were held at the residence and the body was then carried to the cemetery by members of the general's staff and escorted by Troop I of the Fourth cavalry. Public services will be held later.

MR. BOUTELLE GOES HOME.

Boston, Dec. 22.—The condition of Congressman Boutelle was so much improved this afternoon that the attending physicians were of the opinion that he could safely undertake the journey to his home. So he left at 7:15 for Bangor.

A BAD FIRE.

QUINCY, Ill., Dec. 22.—Six little girls were burned to death, four were probably fatally injured and eight were badly hurt at the Christmas exercises in the St. Francis school here today.

THE CUCKOO.

Music hall will have a brilliant comedy success for its attraction next Wednesday night, in The Cuckoo, the sprightly and breezy farce from the pen of Medley, which Mr. Charles Frohman presented with such supreme success at Wallack's theatre, New York, last spring, with Joseph Holland, Amelia Bingham and an otherwise representative comedy company. The Cuckoo had created a furore in Paris and London before Mr. Frohman brought it out at Wallack's, where it ran for over two months. The Cuckoo is full of the lively complications and surprising situations characteristic of French farce, and while it is free from anything vulgar, nothing in instances of act, action or spice of humor have been lost in its adaptation to the American stage. In the brilliancy and felicity of its dialogue it is far ahead of most comedy farces of this character and has won exceptional praise for the adapter in this respect. The story turns upon the domestic troubles of a middle aged man and his young wife. The wife accepts the invitation of a young admirer to dine at a rustic inn. On the way there he rescues a man from drowning and does heroic battle with a lion. He is at once a sensation in the newspapers, and as the lady is known by name, he is reported to be her husband, much to the bewilderment of the real husband who finds himself unconsciously and inexplicably a tremendous hero. The explanations which have to be made before matters are arranged satisfactorily on all sides provide a great deal of fun in the play. The comedy will be presented with a great cast of last season. It includes, besides Mr. Holland, Eleanor Moretti, Charles Bowser, Clayton Whyte, James Lea Short, Carl St. Aubyn, N. H. Lewis, David McCarty, James A. Weber, Fulton Russell, Harry Lewis, Augusta Glose, Etta Morris, Annie Wood.

WORKING NIGHT AND DAY.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. Every pill is a sugar-coated globe of health, that changes weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fog into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c. per box. Sold by Globe Grocery Co.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine syrup seems especially adapted to the needs of the children. Pleasant to take; soothing in its influence, it is the remedy of all remedies for every form of throat and lung disease.

DOWN TO DEATH.

Forty School Children Lose Their Lives.

Were Playing On The Ice When In Broke Without Warning.

Thirty-six Bodies So Far Recovered, But Many Others Are Missing.

BRUSSELS, Dec. 22.—Upwards of forty school children were drowned this afternoon in an ice accident at Frelinghem, near the French frontier. The school children of the district had been given a holiday with permission to play on the frozen river Lys. When the merriment was at its full height the ice broke suddenly and the children disappeared. Some were rescued half dead, but the majority were drowned. Thirty-six bodies have been recovered and many others are still missing. The catastrophe has spread consternation throughout the town, where nearly every family has suffered loss.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
Rev. L. H. Thayer, pastor. Morning service at 10:30. Sunday school in the chapel at 12:00. Young people's meeting at 6:45 p. m. Vesper service at 7:30. All are welcome.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. George W. Gile, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school in the chapel at 12:00. Prayer meetings Tuesdays and Fridays at 7:45 p. m. All are invited.

FREELAND LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Rev. Robert L. Daston, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. Junior Christian Endeavor meeting at 3:00 p. m. Prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. Christian Endeavor meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Prayer and social meeting Friday evening.

OLD ST. JOHN'S CHURCH—EPISCOPAL.

Church hill, Rev. Henry E. Hovey, rector. Sunday, at 10:30 a. m., morning prayer, litany and sermon. Holy communion, first Sunday in every month and the greater festivals, 12:00. Holy days, 8:30 a. m. Evensong, Sundays, 3:00 p. m. Fridays, Ember days, in chapel at 5:00 p. m. Parish Sunday school in chapel at 3:00 p. m. At the evensong service, both in church and chapel, the seats are free. All the services strangers are cordially welcomed and provided for.

CHRIST CHURCH—LUTHERAN.

Madison street, head of Austin street. Rev. Charles LeV. Brune, rector. On Sundays, holy communion at 7:30, matins or holy communion at 10:30 a. m., Sunday school at 12:00. Evensong at 7:30 p. m. On week days, matins (daily) at 9:00 a. m., evensong (daily) at 5:00, on Friday, evensong at 7:30 p. m., holy communion, Thursday at 7:30 a. m. On holy days, holy communion at 7:30, matins at 8:00 a. m., evensong at 7:30 p. m. Seats free and unappropriated. Good music. All welcome.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

State street, Rev. Wm. Warren, pastor. Morning prayer at 10:00. Preaching service 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 12:00. Epworth League meeting at 6:00 p. m. Prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. All are cordially invited.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Court street, Rev. Myron Tyler, pastor. Morning service at 10:30. Sunday school at 12:00. Young people's meeting at 6:30 p. m. Evening service at 7:30. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting on Tuesday evening and prayer meeting on Friday evening at 7:30. All are welcome.

CHURCH OF CHRIST—UNIVERSALIST.

Pleasant street, corner Jenkins avenue. Rev. George E. Leighton, pastor. Morning prayer and sermon at 10:30. Sunday school at 12:00. Administration of the holy sacrament the first Sunday in the month at 11:45 a. m. Good music. Y. P. C. U. meetings every Sunday evening at 6:30 in the vestry. Strangers are especially welcome.

UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Rev. Alfred Gooding, pastor. Morning service at 10:30. Sunday school at 12:00. All are invited.

ADVENT CHURCH.

C. M. Seamans, pastor. Social service at 10:30 a. m. Preaching at 2:45 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12:00. Prayer service at 7:15 p. m. All are invited.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Rev. Eugene M. O'Callaghan, pastor. Services at 8:30 and 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 3:00 p. m.

Y. M. C. A.

Association rooms open from 9:00 to 10:30 a. m. and from 1:00 to 6:00 p. m. Men's meeting at 4:00 p. m. Open work days from 9:00 a. m. to 10:00 p. m.

GLORIOUS HAIR

Is a matter of choice. Any woman may have it if she takes the trouble.

HERE'S PROOF

Miss Carrie Sparr, 2780 Cherry Street, Kansas City, Mo., writes: "Six weeks ago I began using the Seven Sutherland Sisters' Scalp Cleaner and Hair Grower. My hair was very thin, having fallen out from scarlet fever. Thick, glossy hair is now coming in, and I am positive the remedies have greatly helped me. I advise everyone to use them."

They CURE where others fail.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS

MUSIC HALL.

F. W. HARTFORD, MANAGER.

Wednesday Evening, Dec. 27

CHARLES FROMMAN PRESENTS

His Greatest Laughing Hit.

THE SUCCESS OF

LONDON, NEW YORK, PARIS.

The Cuckoo.

A COMEDY FARCE BY

Charles Brookfield.

Presented With the Same Cast and Effects as Seen During Its Run at Wallack's Theatre, New York.

PRICES - - 35, 50, 75c. and \$1.00.

Seats on sale Monday at Music Hall box office.

OLIVER W. HAM.

SUCCESSOR TO SAMUEL S. FLETCHER.

60 Market Street,

Furniture Dealer

— AND —

Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS at side of

Trance, No. 2 Hanover Street and at residence, Cor. New Vaughan Street and Raynes' Ave.

Telephone 59-2.

NEW PICKLES.

New Pickles now and grew this year

By Bartlett who can sell you;

Just picked and made to suit the trade,

As all who can tell you.

In vinegar from apple juice,

With sugar from the south;

Cris like to bite with all their might

Until they fill their mouth.

Dear me and pa, the children say:

Do buy us Bartlett's Pickle

So nice and good with all our food—

Pie, cake, or hearty victuals.

His Vinegar is ten years old,

In color like to brandy.

If once you try you will then buy—

It sells, then keep it handy.

—ELIOT, M., August 1892.

SYLVESTER BARTLETT.

COAL AND WOOD.

O. E. WALKER & CO.,

Commission Merchants

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Coal and Wood

Office 60, 5th and Water Sts.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny Capsules are superior

to Balsam of Capiba,

Cure in 48 HOURS

the same diseases without inconvenience.

Sold by all Druggists.

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. G. E.

Meets at Hall, Pease Block, High St.,

Second and Fourth Wednesdays of

each month.

Officers—Fred Gardner, N. C.; Charles

P. Cole, V. C.; Thomas L. Dudley, H. C.;

E. G. Gidney, V. H.; Charles E. Oliver, S. H.; Orville E. Hawes, P. C.;

Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; Allison I. Phinney, C. of E.; True W. Priest, K. of E.

CITY OF PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, K. OF C.

Meets at K. of C. Hall, High St., First

and Third Thursdays of each month.

Officers—J. H. Kirvan, G. K.; Geo. S. Kirvan, D. G. E.; Wm. McEvoy, C.;

Deane McGrath, W.; W. T. Morrissey, F. S.; W. F. Micott, R. S.; Daniel Casey, T.

OSGOOD LODGE, NO. 43, I. O. O. F.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Thurs-

day evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Officers—Horace P. Montgomery, N. G.;

Charles H. Kehoe, V. G.; Howard Anderson, Sec.; Edwin R. Prime, Treas.;

Albert C. Plumer, Fin. Sec.

The Degree Flag will be displayed when de-

grees are to be conferred. Watch for it. All

brother Odd fellows not members of the Lodge

are cordially invited to attend the Lodge meet-

ings and are assured a cordal greeting.

BESOR SENATE, NO. 602, K. A. E. O.

Meets in Pythian Hall, Second and

Fourth Fridays in each month.

Officers—Excellent Senator, E. H.

Voudy; Sr. Seneschal, Andrew O. Cas-

well; Jr. Seneschal, Joseph C. Pettigrew;

Sacerdos, E. W. Voudy; Sr. Vigilante,

John B. Forbes; Jr. Vigilante, Chas. H. Magraw; Rec. Sec., James E.

Harrold; Fin. Sec., Andrew O. Caswell;

Treas., N. A. Walcott; Warden, W. P. Gardner; Trustees, F. C. Langley, Fred

Wood, Oren Bragdon.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

THOMAS A. MCCORMICK, GEORGE B. MORTON, I. E. S. PIERPOINT.

The Company's properties consist of several thousand acres

of TESTED OIL PROPERTY in Ohio and West Virginia,

having a monthly production of nearly 10,000 barrels.

The policy of the Company from the start has been to pur-

chase nothing but producing oil lands; and with their present

output of oil will be able to pay not less than 8 per cent

per annum from the start.

The Company are now negotiating for a number of oil

wells, which when secured will give them a monthly yield of

about 30,000 barrels; this will more than double the net profits

of the Company applicable for dividends.

COPY OF BUCKEYE PIPE LINE COMPANY'S STATEMENT.

CLEVELAND, August 23rd, 1899.

CHARLES A. POST, Treasurer, etc.,

DEAR SIR:—Confirming my telegram of this A. M. I beg to say that your

company had run for its credit during April 5,424 barrels, May 5,529 barrels, June

5,063 barrels, July 5,049 barrels. There appears to be one run made in July not

credited to your account until August, owing to absence of Division order.

Therefore, if you desire to be more accurate you should add 145.80 to the amount

of that run to the credit during July, making the total for the month 5,194.80 barrels.

Yours truly,

R. L. BATES, Agent.

The above statement refers only to our Ohio field, the balance of the pipe-

line certificates can be seen at the Company's office, showing the West Virginia

returns. The total average of oil territory under negotiations aggregate

25,000 acres of land distributed throughout the well-known "oil-producing

fields" of Ohio and West Virginia.

With the price of oil increasing almost daily the net earnings of the

Company during the next year, should not fall short of \$225,000.

For the rapid development of the Company's property, the officers have

decided to sell fifty thousand (

Christmas Poem.

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid, the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swelt out and fall, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound.

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate and now decrease;
Peace and good will, good will and peace,
Peace and good will to all mankind.

—Fennyson.

MERRY XMAS
AFTER MANY DAYS

(A Christmas Story.)

JAMIESON'S PLAYERS.

Next Stand Pocatella
Leave Midnight
Depot Union Pacific
Baggage Ready Same
Hotels Union \$2, Depot \$1.50
Matinee "Camille," Night "Article 47."
Date Dec. 24
Jamieson, the manager, had just posted the above call in the "prompt" entrance of the little western theatre where the company was to play that



("I will let no man's past affect my future.")

evening. He turned and saw several of his actors gazing at it sullenly. Under ordinary circumstances he would not have paid any attention to the fact, but since he was in arrears and now spoke conciliatingly:

"It's pretty tough, boys, I know, but Portland car rolled and I had to hustle to fill the week. I counted on a good date for Christmas to pull me out of the hole. Pocatella's only good for a few hundred at best, but I've got a fine looking on the string for New Years."

Jamieson always had good things "on the string" but somehow or other the string usually broke before the contract was landed.

As he turned away from the group around the call-board he met Virginia Wolton, the leading woman, coming up from her dressing room. He beckoned her aside, where the others could not see, and placed a small envelope in her hand. "It's the money for this week only," he said, "in mighty hard up. The others will have to wait."

The resignation of the leading lady would have been critical at this time, so Jamieson was unwilling to take any chances with her. She thanked him and walked over to read the call, and as her eyes fell on it she started.

"Pocatella," she murmured, "and Christmas, too. It looks like fate." She stood with her eyes on the bit of yellow paper for some moments and her mouth quivered. Then two tears rolled down her cheeks.

From the other side of the curtain came the sound of a broken piano, and the leading woman hurried to the narrow little room under the stairs to cover the stains in her make-up with rouge.

Five years before Virginia Wolton had made a tour of the far western cities with a successful New York comedy. In the company with her was a young fellow, Allen Ronald, who was in his second season on the stage. He was a handsome youth, who had forged ahead rapidly and who gave some promise. Added to his mental and physical gifts were the breeding and refinement which he had acquired in a good home and which were in striking contrast to the bohemian surroundings in which he now found himself.

There was much in such a lad to appeal to any woman of the stage, and Virginia Wolton found him an entertaining companion. Indeed, it was not long before a friendship sprang up between the two, which, in Ronald's case, developed into a violent passion. The leading woman was brilliant and not without beauty. She was altogether different from the women the lad had met in his conventional home life, and day by day her attractions for him increased. On her part, she found him companionable and they were thrown much together. But when he spoke of love and marriage, she told him he would get over his infatuation as soon as they were parted. "Even if it is a case of genuine love, my boy," she said, "nothing can come of it. I am a woman of the world and I know what I am saying. It would mean only misery and regret for both of us. Look around you in this profession! See the wrecks! No. On the stage there can be no love. It is a quicksand; down on it once and you go down, down, down."

But Ronald was not to be dissuaded so.

stretched, its snowy whiteness melting into the orange and rose of the evening sky. It was a solitude which would have transformed friends into lovers, and which was irresistible to those whose hearts already beat in unison. For a time the two walked in silence, awed by the beauty of the sky. "Why, how far have we come?" it was Virginia who spoke; "see, the station is only a little black speck! These plains are so deceiving! When we started I thought that rosy spot was quite near. It's just as far away now as ever. And I am so tired."

Ronald brushed the snow from a log and she sat down. Then he spoke. "Virginia, do you know what it is to pursue a rosy vision? That is what I have been doing all these months. But I love you now as much as it is in the power of man to love. I want you to tell me that it is not so hopeless as you thought. Tell me you do care for me enough to make me happy."

"You know I care for you," she said. "Indeed I do. But Ronald, dear, you are young in this profession, and I can't seem to make you see how hopeless it is. If you were only in some other sphere."

"And if I give it up?" he asked. "I am young. I have energy and ambition. I will find other work to do. Only bid me hope."

"I do not wish you to sacrifice your life for me."

"It will be no sacrifice. Virginia, I love you more than life itself. I only ask you to tell me that my love is returned."

And there on the Idaho plain, under the orange and rose of the evening sky, Virginia Wolton spoke the words that put an end to the young actor's career.

He came to New York and secured a position as a clerk in a downtown house. After a year's hard work he had managed to have his income raised to \$15 a week. Then Virginia Wolton, too, came back to New York, made a success, and Ronald was given short shifts. When he pressed that he would succeed in time, and it was love of her that spurred him on, she told him that she was too old to see the romantic side of love in a cottage, and as for marrying him after she was an old woman, which seemed the only hope, that was out of the question. So they parted.

It was nearly noon when Jamieson's players arrived at the Pocatella station. The station was deserted, and there was just time for a hurried meal before the afternoon performance.



(He caught him by the throat.)

The audience was a motley one—miners and cattlemen, with a few painted women. The miners laughed at Camille's emotion and the women wept copiously. The leading woman's best scene had just been spoiled by a guffaw, and she was saying hard things about "Jay western towns," when Jamieson entered, his face aglow.

He got the biggest 'ad' of the season for you see, it's good for the column with the Omaha reporters. 'Millionaire Defends an Actress.' How is that for a headline? What am I talking about? Well, when I got through counting the house I went over to the Red Serpent Cafe to get a bracer. Need it in this air. There were a dozen or more loungers at the bar, and a big fellow in a fur coat was standing there all round. Seems they all swear by him. He's worth seven or eight millions—made it right here in the cattle business or something. Alongside of him was a red-nosed rowdy they call Fighting Mike. He has done time and is the terror of the place. I don't know just how it happened, it went so quick, but it seems that this bully pointed to one of your lithographs that was hanging over the bar and made a remark about it. The fellow in the fur coat was just raising a cocktail in his lips, but he dropped the glass with a crash and caught Mike by the throat. The rowdy reached for his gun and the crowd ducked behind the tables and chairs in a hurry.

"But the big one was too quick for him. His arm went out like the hind leg of an ox, and he has just carried the bully home and put him to bed. Say, isn't that your cue?"

The leading lady rushed upon the scene just in time to prevent a stage wait.

As she started back to the hotel after the matinee she heard the clattering of hoofs on the icy pavement, and a sleigh drawn by two steaming horses drew up by the roadside ahead of her. The driver, a rosy-faced man in a fur coat, jumped down and came toward her with outstretched hands.

"I might nearly miss you," he said. "A friend of mine was taken ill suddenly and I had to drive him home."

Virginia Wolton smiled at the modest allusion to Fighting Mike's mishap, for she felt sure the man in front of her was the hero of the Red Serpent.

"How can I ever thank you enough," she asked. "Oh, I've heard all about what happened to Fighting Mike, and I'm sure you must be the gentleman who—"



Three Phases of Christmas Tide Joy.

a moment the horses were galloping up the road, and between a volley of questions Allen Ronald was telling his story from the time they had parted.

"When you threw me down that night—the directness of his speech hurt her—"I was certainly cut up. I don't think any fellow ever cared more for a woman, and I suffered terribly."

"However, the less said about that now the better. It was the making of me, after all. You see, I worried so I couldn't eat or sleep, and suddenly I quite broke down. The doctor called it consumption. He had been married so long he didn't know my symptoms. Anyhow, he gave me three months to live, and told me to go to Colorado. Colorado didn't do me any good. No place would have under the circumstances. Well, I cut it short there and landed in Pocatella with just \$5 in my pocket. I got a job driving cattle, and the outdoor life agreed with me. After a while I managed to buy a few head myself and drove them to the market. From buying and selling I took to speculating, and on one or two deals I made enough to put me on East street."

All the boyish enthusiasm was there still, but Ronald spoke now with the assurance of a man who has made his way. Virginia Wolton noticed this, and she felt that such a man she could once have loved. To-day she wondered if it would ever be in her power to really care for any man. She wondered, too, how it would feel to live in Pocatella, away from the feverish life she had been leading all these years. Could she be content in that narrow sphere, the same to-day, the same to-morrow and every day? Then she thought of the one-night stands, of the early morning starts and the bitter disappointments of hunting for an engagement in New York. Seven millions! One need not be lied down any more with so much money. She had shaped Allen Ronald's past; could she now shape his future as well?

"I am proud of you," she said reaching over and patting the big hand that held the reins. "I always knew that you would succeed. Tell me more about yourself."

"There isn't much more to be said. You remember that walk we took over the plain a long time ago?"

She did remember, and said so with a tender modulation which was half feeling and half art.

"Well," said Ronald, proudly, "I owe every inch of that ground now."

"It's getting late," he added, "and I want you to see my house before it gets too dark. I brought all the terra cotta from Chicago for it. We'll drive back now. I reckon the supper's hot, and there's somebody I want you to meet."

"Who is it?" asked Virginia Wolton.

"Why, my wife," he said.

ADOLPH KLAUBER.

A Child's Dream.

Have you grown world-worn and cynical? Do you say to yourself that Christmas bells do not ring so cheerfully as they did and that the stars that are sisters of the Star of Bethlehem are not so brighter on Christmas Eve than on all other nights? Do you ask to be shown any one alive to whom Christmas means anything?

Here you will see. It means a dream of mellow warmth to the shivering child. It means a dream of ambrosia to her starved lips. It means a saint and kindness and cheer, all love and protection for the child who has known no love and cheer from human sources. It means fairyland and heaven—while the broken, ecstatic dream lasts.



Some day, when cynics cease to make epigrams over lost illusions and seek to make real the dreams of others, every child who goes in her sleep a vision like this will wake to find it real. For there are enough cynics to make all the children in the world happy if they but devote themselves to that, instead of to relating their disillusionments.

COMMENTS.

A Day of Good Cheer and Good Will to Men.

"Christmas comes but once a year." Hence the advice of the old carols, that no one should fail to make of each Christmas the very merriest possible, is sound. Even though the individual pocketbook may be light, there is no reason why there should be no Christmas. He is poor, indeed, who cannot find a bit of holiday cheer and imbibe a little of the spirit of St. Nicholas, even if he cannot afford to make gifts, and does not expect any himself. It is an ancient and trite bit of reflection that a Christmas present is valuable not because of its intrinsic worth so much as the spirit of the giver, but like most platitudes it is a truth that it is well to remember. And this year Santa Claus is doing an enormous business, he is not likely to forget many of us. Hang up your stockings and expect to find them well filled when Christmas morning dawns. No Saint in all the calendar can be so dear to the children as Saint Nick. And a child's decision is often more worthy of respect than that of his sophisticated and perhaps pessimistic elders. A man who is dismal and ugly on Christmas Day needs reformation sadly. The children are right. This day, of all the year belongs to them, and no mere grown-up has any business to mar it for them.

The first Christmas that can be called American dates back to the first voyage of Columbus, who spent the 25th of December, 1492, on American soil, and spent it not very auspiciously or merily. But it is only of comparatively late years that it has become almost universal as a holiday. The early Puritans regarded it as a "papist festival" and an abomination. It was not until the early years of this century that New England welcomed Santa Claus, and opened its wide chimneys to his reindeer and sleigh. Now there is not a hamlet of the whole United States where no trace of him can be found. Wherever the Anglo-Saxon goes the descendant of the rousing Christmas of Merry England goes with him, and best of all, the Christmas spirit of "peace on earth and good will to men." No more important message can be sent than that of this season. Merry Christmas to all!



Christmas in a Salt Mine.

Thousands of feet below the surface of the earth, deep in the salt mines of Europe, Christmas is kept. For in the vaulted chambers, amid the pillars of salt, lives a population of human beings. Not only miners abide there, but people who occupy homes howling out of the mountain of crystal that glitter eternally under the artificial light, which must always burn in these depths.

Many of this population seldom see the light of day. They are there from Christmas to Christmas, in the miles and miles of galleries that extend under the Carpathians and Alps, galleries on different levels, ascending and descending, crossing each other at various angles and reaching far under the overlying salt, rock and earth.

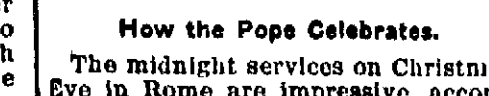
On Christmas eve and on Christmas day the echoes of the rock-ribbed caverns are awakened by the children's voices. The song, the merry laugh, the joyous shout in childish games and sports, are heard. There are music and the dancing, feasting, how merrymaking the brilliantly lighted and decorated gift-bearing tree that illumines diamondlike crystals that gather up the light, divide it into prismatic beauty and cast it back again.

The merriment may never reach the surface of the earth, but none the less does it cheer and make joyful the hearts of those who may say "Peace on earth, good will toward men" down in the heart of earth on Christmas day.



Don't Forget This.

While the American people feel a just pride in the knowledge that this land is the freest and the richest of earth, let them not forget that the awful poverty of more than half its citizens produces the most helpless kind of slavery. While the eagle screams above the homesteads the wolf howls at many a door.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



How the Pope Celebrates.

The midnight services on Christmas Eve in Rome are impressive, according to a London journal. Nine cardinals in costly vestments, nine train-bearers, twenty nuncios, a choir of en-

sert voices behind a gilded railing, all add to the impressive service. The chapel is a blaze of light, and Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," painted on the ceiling, adds to the superb effect. A girl who spent Christmas in Rome enthuses over the services in St. Paul's. The altar glitters with gold and candles, and is arched by a canopy. There are two thrones for the Pope. Guards of honor, soldiers and attaches are to be seen in abundance. At 10 the procession of the Pope and the cardinals enters. The singers and blowers of silver trumpets precede him. His cap of maintenance and three tiaras follow them; a company of mitred priests come next, followed by the cardinals in scarlet. At the last beneath a canopy upon the shoulders of men, and flanked by the mystic fans, the Pope advances. The silver trumpets are blown, and the Pope gives his blessing.

At the moment of consecration in the mass the Pope descends from his throne, passes down the choir and reaches the altar. It is impressive when the Pope, with his own hands, lifts the eucharist from the altar and presents it.



"Get Thee Behind Me."

Swift flow the circling years and Christmas bells. Again ring out their message loud and clear.

Alas, If to the heavy heart if to the leaden ear. Their vibrant melody no story tells Of hope or cheer!

Ab, weary years, years full of toll and care. While gray the locks that once were flecked with gold!

Alas, That hearts of yore responsive to the tale oft told. No more beat high as Christmas bells declare.

The story old! Ay, is it so? God help us if it be! God help us if Christ's birth no longer make.

Alas, Our waking joyous and the glad chimes only break. Dull and unheeded on the apathy Of hearts that ache!

Nay, nay, not so! E'en heavy hearts That ache. Hearts brooding over wrong or hidden sin.

Alas, Or grieving for the loved and lost. While dark within Her chamber sits the soul, for Christ's dear sake Shall comfort take!

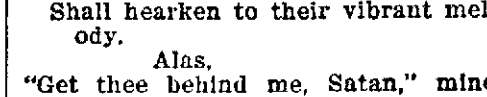
O Babe of Bethlehem, Mary's Child adored, Savior, Redeemer born as on this day.

Alas, Though doomed for sin to suffer and to ransom pay. For prisoned souls—ring, ring Thy bells, dear Lord, In sweet accord!

Ring gladsome chimes until the leaden Shall hearken to their vibrant melody.

Alas, "Get thee behind me, Satan," mine as thine, the cry. But lo, it triumphs! Heart, be of good cheer.

Christmas is here! —Richard A. McCurdy.



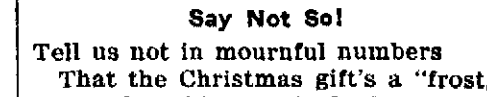
Newest Christmas Turkey.

Vegetarians and fruitarians need no longer be scandalized over the Christmas turkey, for it comes now from the confectioner, instead of the butcher, barnyard or forest.

Hitherto we were accustomed to the wedding in sweets, and last summer we got used to tents in sugar, but it remained for the enterprise of a New York firm to do up the festive turkey in nougat, every morsel of which is edible, lying there crisp and enticing in an artistic cranberry box.

Hereafter "the goose with the bones and the beak" may present gastronomic difficulties, but not to the teeth.

Hereafter vegetable folks may lay aside their scruples for the best new thing in turkey.

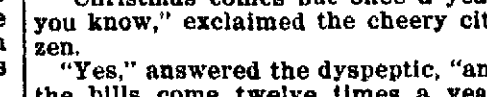


Say Not So!

Tell us not in mournful numbers That the Christmas gift's a "frost." That the things which haunt our slumbers

Are not worth the work they cost. True, the chap who loathes tobacco Might be sent a pipe or so, While the man who needs pajamas May receive a piccolo!

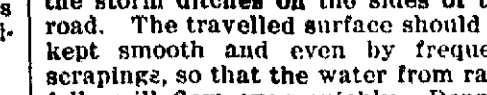
But the spirit of the giving Is the thing that gains applause. Christmas comes, and we are living, So hurrah for Santa Claus!



Gloom.

"Christmas comes but once a year, you know," exclaimed the cheery citizen.

"Yes," answered the dyspeptic, "and the bills come twenty times a year. That's the difference."



Drainage of Roads.

"Water is the great road destroyer," and too much attention cannot be given to the surface and underdrainage of roads, says the Drainage Journal. The surface of the road should be rounded sufficiently and made smooth to give the water falling on the travelway of the road a flow to the storm ditches on the sides of the road. The travelled surface should be kept smooth and even by frequent scrapings, so that the water from rain-falls will flow over quickly. Depressions in the road where the water gathers should be filled up by all means.

Katie—Don't you think the white goose is ever so much prettier than the others?

HAIR-HEALTH.

The sale of three million bottles of this elegant hair dressing in the United States and Great Britain in 1898, proves that it has surpassing merit and does all that is claimed for it.

Doctor Hay's Hair-Health

has been a blessing to thousands who have become gray or bald. Hair-Health is a beautiful hair food, restoring youthful color and beauty to gray and faded hair. Removes and prevents dandruff and stops falling and breaking of the hair. It is not a dye, and positively will not discolor the scalp hands, or clothing and its use cannot be detected by your text.

HAIR-FINA SOAP is a medicated, medicinal soap for washing the hair, and should be used at least once a week. Its use aids Hair-Health and makes the hair soft and pliant.

Every Bottle WARRANTED

to restore gray, white or faded hair to youthful color and life. It acts on the roots, giving them the required nourishment and positively produces luxuriant thick hair on bald heads.

"Not a Gray Hair Left." The testimony of hundreds using it. Hair-Health is a daily dressing and a necessary adjunct to every toilet, and unlike other preparations, it is healthful on the roots of the hair, causes the hair to retain its original health and color, whether it be black, brown or golden.

Prevents hair falling after sun bathing or much perspiration.

FREE SOAP OFFER Good for 25c. cake

Cut out and sign this Coupon in five days and take it to any druggist, and he will give you a large bottle of Dr. Hay's Hair-Health and a 25c. cake of Dr. Hay's Hair-Fina Medicated Soap, the best and most useful hair dressing and hair soap ever made. This offer is good only to same family, redeemed by leading druggists everywhere at their shops only, or by the LONDON SUPPLY CO., 853 Broadway, New York, either with or without soap, by express prepaid, in plain sealed package on receipt of fee, and this coupon.

GUARANTEE. Any person purchasing Dr. Hay's Hair-Health anywhere in the United States, who has not been hoodwinked, may have his money back by addressing LONDON SUPPLY CO., 853 Broadway, New York, and enclosing the names "Hair-Health" and "Hair-Fina Soap," Refuse substitutes.

Following druggists supply Hair-Health and Hair-Fina Soap in their shops only. BENJ. GREEN, 12 Market Square, Portsmouth. C. E. PHILBRICK, 45 Congress Street, Portsmouth.

FALL WOOLENS

HAVE ARRIVED.

CUSTOM TAILORING

LATEST STYLES

POPULAR PRICES

Cleaning and Pressing.

Ladies' Tailoring a Specialty.

PORTSMOUTH'S OLDEST TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,

WM. P. WALKER,

8 MARKET SQUARE.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

A Magnificent Portrait Of....

ADMIRAL DEWEY

In Ten Colors (size, 14x21 inches)

Will be published by us shortly. It is now ng printed for us on heavy plate pap

a a form suitable for framing, by one of the largest art lithograph house in America, in the famous French style of color-plate work. Every American family will want one of these handsome pictures of Admiral Dewey. It must be remembered that the picture will be in no sense a cheap chromo, but will be an example of the very highest style of illuminated printing. It will be an ornament to any library or drawing-room. Our readers can have the Dewey portrait at what it costs us (namely, ten cents per copy) by merely filling out the coupon below, and sending it to this office at once. There will be such a demand for this portrait when it is published that we advise sending orders in advance. As many copies as may be desired can be had on one coupon, providing ten cents is sent for each copy. Write name and address plainly, and remit in coin or postage stamps.

To THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD, Portsmouth, N. H.

For the enclosed remittance of.....cents, send me.....copies

of the ADMIRAL DEWEY PORTRAIT in colors as described in your paper.

Name.....

Address.....

WM. REED, Investment Broker, 129 S. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

COPPER IS KING

A SAFE INVESTMENT AND A SURE FORTUNE

can be made having Copper Shares now at the present price of 15 cts. per share. You can realize at least

\$100 FOR EVERY \$10 YOU INVEST

The Copper Cliff Mining Co. owns 4 Copper mines in Kona Co., Calif. One Assays per ton \$30 Copper, \$17 Gold, Veins 2 to 6 feet wide. One from the surface down, in rich enough to pay all mining, transportation and smelting charges and leave handsome profit. Dividends can be earned and paid without building and operating a smelter or other expensive plant. Reports report mines contain millions of tons of rich ore. Stock is full paid and non-assessable. 100 shares. We want money enough to develop and take the ore out from the mines and sell off a limited amount of stock for a short time:

\$15 BUYS 100 SHARES \$25 BUYS 170 SHARES \$50 BUYS 340 SHARES

We are confident that stock will go up at per share we guarantee that after twenty months from date you cannot buy a share of this stock from the Copper Cliff Mining Co. for less than its par value, \$1 per share.

Copper shares have made investors many fortunes in the past year. In 1899 a share in the family of Prof. Assens saved him to himself \$100,000 for per. He invested it in the shares of copper stock. The compound interest and dividends, added to the present market value, amount to \$250,000. Great this opportunity to make money. Buy a share before they advance. Send money by draft, express, registered letter, or post office order for as many shares as you wish to buy.

WM. REED, Investment Broker, 129 S. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

OUR Christmas Aprons ARE EXCELLENT.

Open Every Evening.

LEWIS E. STAPLES,
7 Market Street.

A DRUGGIST

Nowadays....

Not only must have a complete knowledge of drugs, but to sell pure drugs he must know their adulterations; he must know just what to look for. We have that knowledge. We sell pure drugs and are careful.

Goodwin E. Philbrick
Franklin Block,
Portsmouth, N. H.

SICKNESS INSURANCE

Combined With

ACCIDENT INSURANCE,

Covering nearly all of the most serious diseases and every possible accident. Particulars at

TOBEY'S

Real Estate Agency,
32 Congress Street.

The Celebrated

7-20-4

10c. Cigars

Will be packed in handsome souvenir boxes for the holidays. Ladies cannot select a more suitable gift for a gentleman than one of these pretty packages.

For Sale By All First-Class Dealers.

R. G. SULLIVAN,
MANUFACTURER,
Manchester, N. H.

Stoddard's Stable

HAS BEEN FITTED OUT WITH NEW CARRIAGES.

You can get the handomest and most comfortable turn-out in the state at

STODDARD'S.

NEW HACKS, FOR WEDDINGS AND OTHER PARTIES

TELEPHONE 1-8.

SALE AND LIVERY BUSINESS

THE HERALD.

SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1899.

CITY BRIEFS.

The boy with the skates is on the anxious seat.

York and Kittery will play football in York on Christmas day.

Sunshine favored the last shopping day of the Christmas season.

If you are able to make the holiday cheerful to others, do not fail to do so.

The war against the cigarette is being carried on with considerable vigor.

The choir have worked hard evenings this week for good music tomorrow.

Conner, photographer studio, (formerly Nickerson's), No. 1 Congress street.

The electric snow plow is used nearly every wet day now in sanding the tracks.

The fire apparatus at the navy yard was given the regular monthly test this forenoon.

The mud on Vaughan street being scraped up by the city workmen and carted off.

An old resident has discovered that this weather is a repetition of the winter of 1856 and 1857.

The "S. G." Londres is made of the choicest stock and is the best ten cent cigar in the market.

There is no truth in the report that the City Market has been sold to a gentleman from Dover.

Alteration and improvements will be made to the interior of the place of business recently purchased by Mr. George Boss, on Congress street.

Rubber heels become very popular and John G. Mott is fitting out the local public with an excellent article.

Everybody seems to be going to the Globe Grocery Co. Meat Department to see that farm yard Christmas scene.

The cast of The Cuckoo is, unusually strong, and will present a number of comedy stars to Portsmouth playgoers.

The mysterious disappearance of Private Fred H. Wilson from the marine barracks has not yet been cleared up.

The Herald is very grateful for the obliging disposition on the part of those who have charge of the Christmas music.

The members of the police force were remembered by Messrs. J. A. A. W. Walker, who presented them with a box of choice cigars.

The motormen on the electric cars had a tough job stopping them anywhere near a crosswalk, Friday evening, owing to slippery rails.

A Dover man offered \$5000 bonus for the City Market, but the Globe Grocery Co. refused to sell at less than \$15,000, consequently the sale was off.

Several of the crew from the U. S. S. Alliance, stationed at the Boston navy yard, are passing a few days in town renewing old acquaintances.

A gentleman was here from Madbury, today, looking for a boy who is in need of a good home and a chance to secure an education in return for his company very little work.

A crowd of a hundred people stood on the wharf near the ferry landing, where the man was found clinging to a spar, and hardly knew how to act for a rescue, it seemed.

A HOT OLD TIME.

The Rays, presenting A Hot Old Time, played at Music hall, on Friday night, to a fair sized audience. The piece opened rather slowly, but increased in interest as it progressed and seemed to give satisfaction to those in the seats. The Rays are all right, and were the life of the show, although their associates filled their parts well. A Hot Old Time was made for the pure and simple purpose of amusing and incidentally of introducing some good specialties. Opportunity is afforded for the display of dazzling hosiery by the half-dozen young women embodied in the cast, and for sprightly dancing. The singing is quite good. All in all, the performance serves to while away a couple of hours very acceptably.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The receipt of one hundred dollars (\$100), the very generous gift of Mr. Thomas P. Salter, for current expenses of the Home for Aged Women, is hereby gratefully acknowledged.

SARAH A. PHILBRICK,
Treasurer Current Expenses.

The receipt of thirty four dollars and ninety cents (\$34.90), for current expenses of the Home for Aged Women, from Miss M. Remick of Everett, Mass., (through J. T. Langton), is hereby gratefully acknowledged.

SARAH A. PHILBRICK,
Treasurer Current Expenses.

A lazy liver makes a lazy man. Burdock Blood Bitters is the natural, never failing remedy for a lazy liver.

A CHRISTMAS TOAST.

De Witt Clinton Commandery, K. T., Will Honor the Grand Master.

The members of De Witt Clinton Commandery, Knights Templar will assemble at the asylum at noon, Monday, for the purpose of toasting the Most Eminent Grand Master and the following toast will be tendered at that time:

"To our Most Eminent Grand Master, Reuben Hendley Lloyd: May the Lord send him all the blessings which his faithful Knights wish him on this Christmas day."

The response of the Grand Master will be as follows: "Sir Knights: May He, who provides all things, endow you with wisdom and power to illustrate your lives and conduct the principles taught by Him whose advent we this day commemorate."

The occasion is always a most pleasant one and the custom is followed with the most hearty sincerity.

OBITUARY.

Abraham Perkins, Rye.

The death of Abraham Perkins, one of the oldest and most highly respected residents of Rye, occurred at the home of his son, James Perkins, in that town this forenoon at the advanced age of eighty-two years, eleven months and ten days. Mr. Perkins was a lifelong resident of the town. He was a member of Osgood Lodge, No. 42, I. O. O. F., of this city and leaves a son, who has been mentioned, and a daughter, Mrs. D. H. Montgomery of this city.

HE WALKED OFF THE WHARF.

Richard Harvey, a stone cutter, had a narrow escape from drowning on Friday evening. About 7.30 o'clock, he walked off Fernald's wharf and went down like a lump of lead. As it happened, the Mystic was just coming over from the Badger's island side and her captain brought her alongside the struggling man, and Harvey was pulled out of the water. He was in a deplorable condition and was taken to the police station. Dr. Towle was called and by hyperemic injections rendered him quite comfortable. His soaked clothing was replaced with a dry suit and he was given a bath for the night. Those who saw Harvey take his plunge agree that but for the presence of mind of the Mystic's captain, he would certainly have been drowned.

WOULD LIKE TO COME BACK.

Gastave Secure and Nicholas Haines, two of the crew of the U. S. S. Alliance, are passing a few days in town, renewing old acquaintances. They are both on a furlough and take this opportunity to call on old friends. They were delighted to get back to the old town where they had such a good time a year ago. They stated that nothing would please the boys better than to have the ship ordered here again. It was just a year ago Friday, the 23d, that the members of the crew gave their grand ball in Peirce hall.

U. S. ATTORNEY HERE.

United States District Attorney Chas. J. Hamblett of Nashua, arrived here today on business, accompanied by United States Marshal Nute of Farmington. A report was at once started that the officials were here on business in connection with the charges against Senator Gallinger, but a Herald reporter was informed that their visit had nothing to do with the same.

REMEMBERED MR. CHICK.

Mr. W. Harry Chick, who recently was united in marriage to Miss Schurman in this city, was on Friday evening presented with a bank book, containing a substantial deposit, from the members of the Warner whist club of this city, of which Mr. Chick is a popular member. The present was considerable of a surprise to Mr. Chick and is greatly appreciated by him.

CONTRACT NEARLY COMPLETED.

J. Warren Towle of Exeter has received a communication from U. D. Tenney of this city, the artist engaged to make a copy of the Webster portrait for the court house from the original in the Harvard Law school, which states that he will immediately take the portrait back to Cambridge to secure the acceptance of the proper authorities as was called for in the contract.

SCUM OF THE EARTH.

A special train of nine cars, containing over three hundred Russian Poles, direct from their native land via St. John, passed through this city this noon for Albany, N. Y., where they will divide for sections of the country, west. These Poles were a dirty looking and cheap lot and will compete with American labor in the parts of the country unfortunate enough to receive them.

AROUND THE CITY.

The man whose work was from sun to sun yesterday had the softest snap that he will enjoy this season, for according to the almanac it came aloft the obscured horizon in the east at 7.21 o'clock and went down behind the black clouds in the western part of the city at 4.30 o'clock, a day but nine hours and fourteen minutes long. It shone on a day that ought to have been wintry according to the calendar but it was not according to the thermometer.

It is not an easy thing to pull a drowning man from the water and often such an act is attended with great danger to those who are making the rescue. This was apparent on Friday night, while Richard Harvey was being taken from the river in an almost unconscious condition, to the deck of the steamer Mystic. It took six strong, cool headed men to get the man over the rail and the clothing of nearly all was torn or the buttons ripped off while the rescue was taking place. Several times some of the rescuers were nearly pulled overboard by the drowning man's struggles.

If the traveling public only knew how many rules and regulations the street car conductor is forced to observe, perhaps there would be more consideration for him. The motorman is more fortunate, as he comes less in contact with the passengers, and consequently, is not so frequently a mark for the ill-humor of the people.

The announcement that William Dean Howells, the distinguished American author will have erected a summer residence at Kittery Point was very gratifying news to the friends of this now famous summer resort. The place that Mr. Howells has purchased is nearer the city than the Wasson cottage where he passed last season, but is slightly and very pleasantly located on the bank of the river, overlooking the harbor of which he has so interestingly written of late.

With the mild weather there is less pressing demand on the local charitable organizations and the city's poor department to supply fuel for those whose homes are not provided with material to meet the ordinary winter's rigor. A mild winter means much of added comfort to the poor people of this and every other city.

The letter carriers are objects of particular regard and sympathy at this time. They are the welcome bearers of the season's kindly messages, and are heavily burdened by the work. One has only to watch the local carriers as they leave the postoffice for the various routes to realize how exceptional is the load the Christmas time brings to them.

BOWLING.

The Portsmouth bowling team went over to the navy yard on Friday evening and had a game with the marines on the latter's alleys near the barracks. The marines were in good trim and defeated the visitors quite handily. The totals were 1934 and 1636. The Portsmouth boys couldn't get the hang of the alleys. The score was as follows:

PORTSMOUTH.			
Frizzell	139	131	95-265
Mitchell	93	113	128-234
Buchanan	97	93	99-287
Flynn	90	117	112-219
Schurman	114	147	118-379
Grand total.....1686			
MARINES.			
Koeler	170	120	170-460
Lesage	154	133	136-443
Wilson	124	175	107-407
Donnelly	103	136	114-353
Counoyer	108	85	79-253
Grand total.....1934			

REAL ESTATE CONVEYANCES.

Following are some of the conveyances of real estate in the county of Rockingham for the week ending Dec. 20th, as recorded in the registry of deeds:

Kensington—Clarence I. Cheever to Hattie L. Villars, both of Exeter, land and buildings, \$350.

Newcastle—Prescott H. Belknap to George E. Belknap, both of Brookline, Mass., land, \$2.

Newington—Sylvester F. A. Pickering, Portsmouth, et als., to Maggie L. Pickering, all rights to estate of the late Franklin A. Pickering, \$1.

North Hampton—Emmons B. Philbrick, Rye, to Laura F. Dibble, Chicago, woodland, \$1000; Clara A. Ring to Sylvester F. A. Pickering, Portsmouth, Hog island, \$1.

Portsmouth—Sugden Brothers to Albert N. Dank, \$1; Mary E. Mendum, Boston, et als., to John A. Mendum, Boston, premises at 9 Fleet street, \$1.

Fannie F. Parsons, Amherst, et als., to Edwin T. Rice, Jr., and George G. Dewey, New York, and Fielding Bradford, certain premises, \$1.

Seabrook—David B. Collins, Seabrook, to Boston and Maine railroad, land, \$50.

PERSONALS.

Frank Kingsbury of Dover is a visitor in town today.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Dodge have gone to Newburyport, Mass., to pass the holidays.

John J. McGrath of St. Anselm's college is passing the holiday at his home in this city.

Winfield Robinson of Epping was the guest of William P. Robinson in town, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherburne B. Merrill of Brookline, Mass., are passing a few days in this city.

Mr. J. A. Smith of this city has gone to his home in Iron Mountain, N. Y., to pass the holidays.

D. Bert Trefethen of Harvard Law school is passing his vacation with his parents on Noble's island.

Miss Esther Rogers of Kittery, who is teaching school in Lebanon, is home for the Christmas holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. David Drake of Danvers, Mass., are passing the holidays with relatives in this city and Rye.

Ralph May has arrived home to pass his vacation with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. James R. May, at the Rockingham.

Mrs. Daniel W. Lydston of Kittery is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Scott Hannible, in Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Parker Hitchins of Saugus, Mass., are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. William O. Junking on State street.

Mr. J. Albert Stover of New York is the guest of his mother, Mrs. Joseph A. Stover in Kittery for the holiday season.

Miss Alberta Rugg will preside at the organ at the Court street church on Sunday and Miss Sophia Goodwin of Boston, will sing.

Horace G. Pender of the Harvard Law school has arrived home to pass the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Pender, Merrimac street.

Mr. Patrick Harvey, hairdresser at the Rockingham was called to his home this afternoon by the very critical condition of his wife and it was said that the woman was very low.

Fred Wilson of Eliot, who has been suffering from an injured spine, caused by being caught in a cider press a few weeks ago, is to be taken to the General hospital in Portland today, for treatment.

An engagement of local interest is that of Miss Annie F. Mullen, daughter of W. Frank Mullen and Mr. Arthur E. Hatch, all of Somerville, Mass. Both of the parties are well known here. Mr. Hatch is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, '91, and is connected with the Martin Leather company of Boston.

PROBATE COURT.

The following business was among the transactions at the session of probate court for the county of Rockingham for the week ending Dec. 20th:

Administration Granted—In estates of Benjamin P. Webster, Fremont, Doris W. Robinson, administratrix; Cornelius E. Haines, Newmarket, Charles F. Haines, administrator; Charles A. Crowell, Londonderry, Henry Crowell, administrator.

Accounts Settled—In estates of Sarah Dastor, Salem; Jacob Sheafe, Portsmouth.

Inventories Filed—In estates of Georgiana Batchelder, Deerfield; Lowell F. Merrill, Hampton Falls; William Cockburn, Hampton Falls; Sarah J. Whidden, Stratham; John W. Pettengill, Atkinson; Betsey J. Anderson, Portsmouth; Lillie E. Bachelder, North Hampton; Emeline F. Knight, Kensington; Thomas I. Bachelder, North Hampton.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

The last of the series of special services was held in the Pearl street church Friday evening. The meetings have been of deep interest throughout. The sermons have been strongly spiritual and scriptural and the hearty cooperation of the church with the pastor and Rev. Messrs. Gukey and Hall, who have ably assisted, has been very encouraging. Surely such labor is not in vain, and the work in the church for the coming winter must feel the impetus given by these meetings.

WATER FRONT NEWS.

Reported in lower harbor, Dec. 23—Schooners Richard S. Leeming, Stary, Philadelphia, Newburyport, coal; Jonathan Sawyer, Vanhouse, Sullivan, Philadelphia, stone; Ellen Pressey, Malony, New York, Portland, clay; Lizzie Smith, Lane, Boston for Eliot, light.

Sailed, Dec. 13—Tug A. W. Chester, ton, Nagent, with barge Bois Penrose, light for coal port.

"Itching hemorrhoids were the plague of my life. Was almost wild. Doan's Ointment cured me quickly and permanently, after doctors had failed." C. F. Cornwell, Valley street, Saugerties, N. Y.

FRIGATE CONSTITUTION.

Secretary Long Anxious to Have Her for a Training Ship.

Secretary Long has addressed letters to Senator Hale and Representative Boutelle, who look after naval legislation in the senate and house, relative to the plan of refitting the historic old craft Constitution as a training ship.

The Massachusetts State Society of the Daughters of 1812 propose to pay for the refitting through popular subscription, and Secretary Long refers to this as a worthy purpose.

At the request of Mr. Hale, the secretary has drafted a bill to cover the plan.

GET FIVE DOLLARS A PIECE.

The local employees of the American Express company were gladdened on Friday evening, by a notice that each of them will receive a present of a five dollar bill this Christmas. The order providing for this gift was received at the Portsmouth office on the nine o'clock mail, and was promptly announced to those employees who were there. When it is considered that the company has thousands of men in its service throughout the country, it is readily seen that this Christmas gift, in the aggregate, will amount to a big sum.



A PLEASANT SURPRISE FOR XMAS.

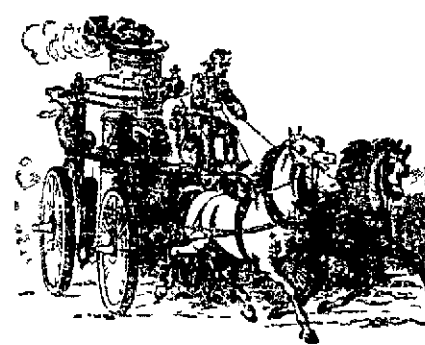
It will be for the family when the rooms have been all newly decorated and made attractive and costly by artistic and handsome wall papers. We have a most artistic stock of fine wall papers, Linerista, Waltons, frizzes, ceiling decorations and tile effects for bath rooms that will make your home a paradise at small cost.

J. H. Gardiner
10 & 12 Daniel St., Portsmouth

FIRE

Insurance That Will Insure.

BY



R. J. Kirkpatrick,

Congress Block,

PORTSMOUTH, N. N.

FRESH KILLED

Vermont Turkeys

From 16 to 20c. a Pound.

SPRING CHICKEN, 16c. a Pound.

SPRING LAMB.

W. O. Winn's Market
HIGH STREET,

G. E. PENDER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office—13 Pigeon St., Exchange Building

Hours: 10 a. m. to 12 m., 3 to 5 and 7 to 9 p.

Residence—1 Merrimac St.



STAMPS THE WEARER

as a man of some importance when the dress is right. Ill-fitting clothing brings little consideration for the man's self.

Let us improve your appearance, and, at the same time, your importance. Our

CLOTHING TO ORDER

will do both. Every little detail, anything that will add to the style or improve the finish of the garment is carefully considered and nothing neglected. Our garments are perfect in every respect.

JAS. HAUGH

20 High Street.

You Know That

TAYLOR,

THE CONFECTIONER,

Makes His Own High Grade

CANDIES.

He Uses The Finest Grades Of

Sugar And Other Ingredients.

Trade At

TAYLOR'S

1 Congress Street, Near High.

TANKS

WIND MILLS

AND PUMPS

Gasoline and Hot Air Engines.

Artesian Wells Drilled

ESTIMATES GIVEN ON APPLICATION

EXPERIENCED MEN TO DO THE WORK

Steam, Hot Water and Hot

Air Heating.

PLUMBING AND PIPING.

W. E. Paul

39 to 45 Market St.

ESTABLISHED IN 1872.

C. E. BOYNTON

BOTTLE OF ALL KINDS OF

Summer Drinks.

Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer

Tonic, Vanilla, Orange and Strawberry Beer, Coffee, Chocolate and

Soda Water in syphons for hotel and family use. Fountains charged at short notice.

Bottler of Eldredge and Milwaukee Lager, Porter, Refined Cider, Cream and Stock Ale.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

A continuance of patronage is solicited from former customers and the public in general every endeavor will be made to fill a order promptly and in a satisfactory manner.

C. E. Boynton

18 Bow Street, Portsmouth